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VIEW OF PRATILINO PARK, TUSCANY.

Original Communications.

A VIEW OF THE PARK OF PRATILINO, IN TUSCANY.

THE traveller, on leaving Bologna to visit the capital of Tuscany, is delighted with the beautiful and varied scenery through which he passes. But when he has arrived within six miles of Florence, he beholds a spot, of which poets dream, where Nature, in her most bounteous mood, has poured out

her charms with a lavish hand. After he has passed through a narrow and uneven road, he discovers on the right a magnificent palace, built in 1570, by Buontalenti, for Francis, duc de Medicis; and on the left is a colossal statue of Jupiter Pluvius by John of Bologna. Under the terraces

which surround the castle the skilful architect has constructed grottoes, which were formerly held in great estimation, and which, even in the present day, are regarded as exceedingly curious. The first grotto that offers itself to view is that of the "Deluge," so called on account of the quantity of water which is thrown from all parts of it. The illusions in this grotto are quite surprising. Here, seats are commodiously placed, which invite the visitor to rest himself; but when he attempts to sit down, he is suddenly plunged into a bath. There, a flight of stairs leading to some object of curiosity attracts his attention. No sooner, however, does he ascend, than he is deluged all over with water. Further on, a Triton is seen sounding his conch; he stops suddenly, spouts forth torrents of water on his luckless guests, and rolls his eyes about in the most grotesque manner imaginable. The grotto of the Samaritan, too, contains many curiosities worthy of remark. In one part is a besieged fortress, defended by soldiers, amid the sound of drums and the roar of cannon. In another, Buontalenti has placed, in striking contrast, a state of barbarism with that of civilization. In the distance, fierce-looking horsemen, accompanied by dogs, are seen in eager pursuit of wild animals; and in the foreground is a shepherd tending his flock, and a cottage, the door of which is open. Presently, a young village maiden, carrying a picher on her head, presents herself. All her movements are natural and graceful. She approaches a fountain, fills her picher, and returns home again; not without, however, looking back several times to regard the shepherd, who is at a little distance from her. To fill up this scene, there is a smith's shop, with the workmen keeping time as they strike on the anvil; a mill, the mechanism of which is quite perfect, and a knife-grinder assiduously following his occupation. The conception and felicitous execution of this scene alone, proves that the artist was a man of great ability. It is as forcible a description both of savage and civilized life as could well be given. On leaving the grottoes, the visitor enters a grove, the extremity of which is lost in the woods of the neighbouring mountain. Both sides are studded with trees, in front of which is a marble balustrade, ornamented at equal distances by vases of the most elegant description, from whence issue jets d'eau, which, in descending into the canal bordering the balustrade, form a beautiful cascade. But as this was insufficient in a climate where coolness is so desirable, a great number of other jets d'eau issue from the foot of the balustrade, rise high in the air, and crossing each other, form a glassy arch, which reflects the ray

of the sun in beautiful variety, and spreads a delicious coolness around that renders the place quite enchanting. It would be impossible to describe all the wonders of this magnificent garden. For the present, therefore, we will confine ourselves to the subject of the prefixed engraving—the gigantic statue of Jupiter Pluvius. In front of the castle is a piece of ground in form of a parallelogram, in the centre of which is a spot of the greenest verdure; further on is a piece of water of a semicircular form, and beyond this are large blocks of stone which form the base of the statue. This work is executed in the most massive style. The artist, by the happy disposition of the limbs, has given to the whole figure a power and majesty which has been rarely, if ever, equalled. The figure is in a sitting posture, inclining forward, with one hand resting on a rock, and the other, crushing the head of a monster. The gigantic proportions of this statue harmonize so well with the surrounding scenery, that its real size is scarcely perceived. The interior of the body contains several chambers, and in the head there is a pretty Belvidere. A portion of the wonders of Pratolino has disappeared, and some of the objects of art have been taken to Florence; yet the associations which surround it, and the curiosities that still remain, have enough of interest to more than repay the trouble of a visit.

THE WAR AT AFFGHANISTAN;

OR,

THE REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES HALL,

LATE QUARTER-MASTER SERGEANT OF
THE FOURTH LIGHT DRAGOONS.

THE causes that led to the first campaign in Affghanistan in the years 1839 and 1840 are numerous, and have been made a matter of history; it will therefore only be necessary to state, that our commercial relations with that country were put a stop to, by the circumstance of Dost Mahomed, the then ruler of that country, having entertained ambassadors from the Court of St. Petersburg in opposition to the orders of our then resident, the late lamented Sir Alexander Burnes. Several representations of the influence which they had acquired were made to the Dost, but not having any effect upon him, a communication of their designs was made to the Indian government. It was immediately resolved, that unless the Russian emissaries were dismissed from the Court of Cabul, the British army should be concentrated on a convenient point for entering their territories, from the several presidencies of Bengal and Bombay, and by compelling the Dost to abandon the measures he had entered into with the Russian ambassadors,

to secure the peace of India as firmly as circumstances would permit. The only probable way of invading India with any prospect of success lay directly through the north-western provinces; and so long as our friendly relations with the court of Cabul remained in existence, there could not, by any possibility, be the remotest chance of the peace of our Indian possessions being disturbed. From the strong natural obstacles offered by the face of the country, if combined with the physical force of its inhabitants, possessed of the Bholan pass, and the Khojuck heights,—which might, without any stretch of imagination, be considered the keys of India, a desert of many days' journey on the Russian side of Or-gunje, [Khiva,] (the ruler of which was a notoriously pertinacious enemy of the Russians, having seized and sold hundreds of them into slavery,)—no inimical views were to be entertained on that side, could the Affghans be depended on. But on the discovery that it was the intention of the Dost to yield up all these natural advantages, to place in the hands of the first Russian force that made its appearance the very strongholds with which Nature had endowed them, to give them the very keys of India, which would consequently have destroyed the quietness, if not have involved the loss, of our possessions in that quarter of the globe, it at once became imperative on the government to take those strong salutary measures, that would induce an immediate compliance with the wishes of the Indian cabinet. The Dost had wrested the throne from the former monarch, Shah Soojah, having been one of his most efficient generals; and this act on his part, coupled with his refusal to send back the Russians, formed a strong pretext to hurl him from his usurped power; and by bringing the Shah, the rightful head of the Doraunee family, once more into action, by reinstating him on the throne of his ancestors, secure to us our former commercial relations, and the probability of our being invaded on that side of India, joined with some other benefits which it was presumed the Shah would grant, out of gratitude for the kindly interference which had made him a monarch again. The Ameers of Scindee were, in the early part of 1830, rendered tributary to the Shah, to the amount of three lacs of rupees per annum; but from the circumstance of the Dost having usurped his throne, they had thrown off the yoke of allegiance, and neglected or refused to pay it; and although the Shah was, at this very time (1838), a pensioner upon the Indian government, the Ameers were indebted to him in no less a sum than twenty-seven lacs of rupees. Independently of the Shah having become a pensioner by being deposed by the Dost, he had been most de-

plorably pillaged by Runjeet Singh, who had seized not only the famous "Koh-i-Nor," or hill of light, a most valuable diamond, but also had possessed himself of not less than two hundred wagon loads of articles belonging to the Shah—dresses, arms, &c. Anxious to procure the Koh-i-Nor, Runjeet kept the Shah for three days completely without provisions, and a close prisoner; and when at last Shah Soojah had, through starvation, consented to relinquish it, Runjeet despatched a messenger to Ummerapoora, where it lay in pledge, and thus obtained possession of it. These robberies occurred after the Shah had been driven from his country by the successful arms of the Dost, and had fled for safety and succour, accompanied by his wife, the Wuffer Begum and his family, to Lahore, where Runjeet's court was then held. The Shah, thus deprived of all means of reinstating himself on the throne of his ancestors, and being totally unable to equip an army at his own expense, wisely resolved to accept the offer of the Indian government, and be made a king again. In his former reign, or previous to being deposed, he had wielded the functions of that situation with terrific severity; but notwithstanding this, so deeply did he think that love for their monarch was ingrafted in their hearts, that he calculated on being welcomed by his former subjects to the throne from whence he had been hurled. But here his imagination proved faulty; and in order to ascertain the reason of so fallacious a judgment upon such a vital point, it will be necessary to revert to the time when the Dost had seized the kingly power. No sooner, therefore, was he planted upon the Cabool throne, than he entered into many wise regulations for the people, the government of whom he had assumed. By encouraging trade, no matter with what nation, by putting down the bands of armed marauders that infested the country, by giving a facility and despatch to business, by a spirit of toleration until then unknown in that country, but above all, by a uniform kindness of demeanour, he had acquired a degree of popularity that could not easily be forgotten. In contrasting the different modes of government pursued by these two princes, one of whom was notorious for his severity, and the other for kindness, it may at once be presumed, that when the intention of the Indian government to dispossess the Dost, and reinstate the Shah, became known to the Affghans, no very amicable feelings were entertained by them towards the authors of it. The mild and benignant sway of the Dost had completely preponderated over the iron rule of the Shah; and his (the Dost's) government became the more appreciated the oftener the Affghans turned their eyes back upon the enormities

of their former ruler. Possessed of a throne which he had captured in the same manner as the ancestors of Shah Soojah had—that is, by force of arms, he had acquired the love of his subjects by his attention to their rights, and had, therefore, an equally undoubted right to the throne as the Shah had; but his politics not assimilating themselves to the Indian council, it was at once determined to depose him. The force destined to carry this object into effect consisted of the various regiments that could be spared from the presidencies of Bengal and Bombay, and comprised natives as well as Europeans. The army from Bengal marched through the Punjab in order to cross the Indus at Roree, a large village opposite the Fort of Bukker, situated on a flint rock in the middle of the river, and having the village of Sukkur on the opposite shore—that is, the right bank.

(To be continued.)

THE CLAIMS OF THE CHRISTIAN ABORIGINALS OF THE TURKISH OR OSMANLI EMPIRE UPON CIVILIZED NATIONS.

By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.

(Continued from p. 214.)

THE next points strongly opposed to reform are religious prejudices; these are proverbially stronger among Muhammedans than among any other class of believers, taken generally. It is certain, however, that many strong prejudices have, with the progress of enlightenment, been assailed, and with success. Such, for example, is the blow given to fatalism by the introduction of quarantine, and the many minor points that daily affect the same prejudices, as the sultan distributing his picture, the introduction of Frank costumes, &c. But far more portentous to the philosophic contemplator is the real decadence in the energy and vitality of the Muhammedan religion itself. The Rev. Horatio Southgate, in his able review of the present condition of the Muhammedan world, (*Travels, &c.*, vol. i., Introduction,) remarks, that if there are no longer any questions of theology raised among its doctors, or schisms tearing it in its bosom, it is because there is also no longer any energy or vitality in the system. Quiet may be harmony; it may also be death. The latter, or at least a deep decline, appears to be the case with the Muhammedan religion. Out of Constantinople, look at its fallen temples, its ruined colleges, its tenantless monasteries and decaying sepulchral monuments; nothing indicates repair or renovation; nothing breathes but of a life just about to be extinct. One city (Koniye, for example) is an emblem of the whole Muhammedan world; one tattered dervish is an epitome of the Muham-

medan religion. From Baghddad to Trebizond, from Van to Ismid, a traveller never saw in modern times a new jami or mesjid, and rarely any new specimen of art, beyond a common tombstone consecrated to religion. At Stambul alone the tomb of the lately deceased sultan for a time revived, in its gilded portals and marble splendour, an idea of antique prosperity. A terrestrial globe, to illustrate the extent of the Osmanli empire, is pedestalled at its gate!

The minor points opposing themselves to regeneration are the habits and manners of the people, which, in every direction, only lead to a spirit of bigotry, a want of self-reliance and of general security. Such is their great indolence, arising from the dogma of fatalism, and which scarcely allows them to till the ground, and then only just enough for their wants, which leads them to make no provision for the future, which enables them to disregard the approach of want or disease, and to watch with little interest the progress of rebellion or war. Such, also, is the absence, generally, of the advantages of education, founded on the belief that the Koran contains all the knowledge deserving to be acquired, the non-use of printing, the want of public spirit in the government, the neutralization of public influence on the people, the disunion of the national classes, the want of fixed laws, the restrictions on general intercourse, and last, but not least, the debasing practice of polygamy and the condition of the women in the east; the latter of which evils applies itself also, it is painful to say, to the Christians of the East as well as to Muhammedans. So important is this consideration, that the celebrated Heeren (*Man. de l'Histoire Ancienne*, vol. i. p. 30) has traced to this, one of the principal causes at once of the extent and the short duration of Oriental empires.

"Polygamy," says Heeren, "introduced among all the great people of Asia, brings disorder in the constitution of a family, and renders the establishment of a good public administration impossible, for in substituting a domestic despot to a father of a family, it founds despotism even upon the habits of private life." And who is there who ever knew an eastern, however polished by civilization, who did not in private ever and anon discover his inner nature by the brutality of his opinions or his conduct towards the gentler sex—a sex whose emblem in the poetry of the Osmanlis and Arabs is the graceful leaf of the Oriental willow, and who are, nevertheless, not allowed to pray with their lords and masters, who are scarcely supposed to enjoy with them the same futurity, and who are practically treated as if, instead of being represented by a frail and delicate leaf, they were sculptured out of hard and unfeeling marble. Poetry and fact, like philosophy and legislation, religion

and charity, theory and practice, though wedded by men's intelligences, do not in the east, more than in the west, always travel in pairs. Neither Muhammedans nor Christians of the east can attain the liberality of sentiment nor elevation of heart necessary for brotherly love and universal charity, or to take an interest in the happiness of all people and all nations, till they have begun, in however small a degree, to reform at home, and learned to treat their mothers, wives, and daughters, as companions and fellow-creatures, having the same feeling for kindness and unkindness, the same susceptibility for love or neglect, the same sense of right and wrong, the same faculties for intelligence, morality, and passion, as ourselves, only with a greater delicacy of perception, and a greater refinement in the exhibition and the use of all their faculties—a beautiful gift of Divine Providence to the female, that she may be meek and quiet, and thus temper the character of man.

It is evident, then, without entering into all the details which would be necessary to elucidate the points here thrown out as in favour of or opposed to the regeneration of the Ottoman empire, that not only the greater number, but that all those which will have most weight with any reasonable and unbiassed mind, are in the second category, or really opposed to that regeneration. The institutions, dogmas, habits, and accidents of population and prejudices which oppose themselves to the progress of reform are all of old standing, coeval with the rise, and likely to remain till the downfall, of the same dominating power. Reform has certainly made some progress. Old institutions have been invaded, some prejudices boldly attacked, but none have been really overthrown; while many circumstances of the most serious character exist as impediments to any change proceeding as far as would be necessary for the salvation of the Ottoman empire.

The first consideration with which we commenced, then—viz., the progress of internal modifications to adapt the constitution of the empire, and consequently its capabilities and resources, to cope with the civilization of those around—will, in the long run, be evidently a failure, as it is in the present day ineffectual. The second consideration—viz., the support the empire may receive from European nations, is evidently quite accidental, depending on the views of an existing ministry, and not upon the progress of sound political philosophy; but it is evident that, as far as it goes, it is our interest, as it is that of Austria and of France, to impede as far as possible the aggrandizement of the Russ by the fall of the Turk. But if the decline of the Osmanli is so palpable, and his fall so proximate, it will be asked who is there to sup-

plant him? and our thoughts immediately turn to the Christian Aborigines of the country. Thus it is that humanity and policy point out at the same time the line of conduct to be pursued in the east, and which promises best to our interest, to general civilization, and to the progress of Christianity.

The most important suggestion that remains with regard to these considerations, and which has been laid once before the Parliament of Great Britain, is the necessity of giving protection to our protestant brethren in the east. The French, it is well known, have long since taken under their protection the Roman catholics of Turkey. It is equally desirable that the British should take the catholic church of the east under its protection. It may be advanced against this, that it would very nearly require the residence of a political agent in each of the great satrapies of Turkey: this is already nearly accomplished; and in many cases there are two or three agents in one pashalik who had better be distributed among the head governments.

Agents exist in the present day at Erzerum, Trebizond, Batum (this is a superfluous appointment), Kaiseriye (had better been at Koniye), Samsun (had better been at Sivas), Brusa, Smyrna, Baghdad, Basrah, Mosul, Damascus, Aleppo, Jerusalem, Beirut, Alexandretta, and Tarsus. There are also some minor agents, of no use, politically or otherwise (except it be as innkeepers), at Antioch, Latakiah, Tripoli, &c. The only pashaliks where the Christians have not British protection are, then, Koniye, Angora, Sivas, and Dyarbekr, and three of these could be filled up by removals from as many superfluous posts.

It might also be said that it would be constantly involving us in difficulties with the administrative of, at the best, only an allied power. The same statement might be made against the protection already given by the French. But the fact is, that as all the protection at present demanded would only be against irregular and unjust taxation, extortion, and the forcible seizure of property, all of which are constantly exercised against the unfortunate Christian, and destroy his means, impede his industry, and annihilate his political existence, so, such an interference does not militate against regular taxation, and the fair and proper administration of the law between the sultan and his subjects. It is only, in reality, seeing put into execution what the Hattis cheriff has already promised; and the British agent, in giving protection to the persecuted and oppressed Rayah, would only, in fact, be seeing the laws of the empire carried out into their benevolent operation.

There is much reason for congratulating ourselves in the progress of the connexion that is daily growing more intimate through our agents scattered in the east. Its influence in the interior is felt every day more and more, and is extending in every direction. British agents take with them the wants and luxuries of civilized life, which are soon the subject of imitation, by the style of their houses, the decencies of their habits, the urbanity of their manners, their less paraded, but more heartfelt religion; they influence a whole town in a much shorter time than might be supposed. It is, however, to be regretted, that the British agent is allowed to trade, and that he is not, like the French agent, put in a position to enable him to devote himself entirely to the real interests, which will always present themselves in his responsible situation. I am aware that it will at once be objected to this, that the prosperity of Great Britain depends upon her commerce; but it certainly appears that the protection given by the agent would be quite sufficient to bring trade to any place where there is an opening for it (and there is an opening for English goods in every pashalik), without his embarrassing his duties, or imbibing prejudices or hostilities by trading himself.

The vast ultimate advantages that would accrue to the whole country by the political emancipation of its Christian subjects—the most intelligent and industrious of the oriental population—in the cultivation of the land, the progress of the arts, the spread of education, and the rising in rank among other nations, would be a rich recompence to the age in which such a peaceful and philanthropic boon was granted; and the triumph effected by it would shew itself as more extended and more durable than aught that was ever obtained by the arms of the Crusaders. It would no doubt lead also, ultimately, to the established supremacy of the Christian races; but this subject which so intimately concerns the more remote destiny of the Osmanli empire, and in which many European governments are already deeply interested, connects itself with, and shall be treated of in considering, the present condition and the prospects of the missionary enterprise in the east.

(End of Part the Second.)

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

ORIGIN OF THE STORY.

In common with most of the popular fairy tales, which, in all languages, and throughout successive generations, have continued a source of delight to the youthful, and of amusement even to the adult portion of mankind, the story of Cinderella and her slipper would appear, in the main incidents of the fable at least, to claim a parentage

of great antiquity. For our own part, we are not aware that the coincidence has hitherto been noticed by the curious in these matters; but there can exist but little doubt, we imagine, that the prototype of our favourite Cinderella is to be traced in the celebrated beauty of the ancient world—the far-famed *Rhodope*,—who is by historians reported to have been fellow slave with *Æsop*, and to have built one of the pyramids of Egypt. The following account of one of this heroine's adventures, as it is related by all the classical authorities, will, we think, place our suggestion in a point of view sufficiently clear.

"As she (*Rhodope*) was once bathing in the Nile (for she was a native of Naucratis, a city of Egypt), an eagle snatched one of her *slippers* out of the hands of her waiting woman, and carrying it to Memphis, where the king sat administering justice in a public place of the city, dropped it in his lap. The king was surprised at the novelty of the adventure; and being smitten with the beauty of the slipper, immediately despatched messengers over the country, with orders to bring him the woman with whom they should find the fellow of that slipper. In short, *Rhodope* being found, was brought to the king, and made by him Queen of Egypt."

Thus far the classical narration: the addition of the miraculous slipper being made of glass is apparently a fabulist's licence—an interpolation of comparatively more modern date: and here it is not a little curious to remark, that the late well-known invention of weaving from so brittle and apparently intractable a material as glass has now demonstrated not only the possibility, but even the actual feasibility, of the existence of "the little glass slipper;" and has removed the incident in the fairy tale of Cinderella from its hitherto assigned position in the region of fancy and improbability, into that of sober truth and practical reality. Is this, too, but another of those mysterious hints of the anterior existence of long since lost and forgotten arts, occasionally to be recognised beneath their shadowy disguise of magic and necromancy, in the ancient popular tales and works of fiction, more especially in those of Eastern origin?—such, for instance, as the indication of the telescope,—to be traced with a degree of probability closely bordering on certainty, in the story of the "Magic Tube" of the wonder-searching prince of the Arabian tale, and by the instrumentality of which, objects and personages at a distance far beyond the reach of mortal observation were clearly discernible to the eye of the fortunate possessor; or, again, of the former knowledge of steam-locomotives, in the curious details, in another of these oriental tales, of the enchanted wooden

horse, or machine, by the aid of which, and "by the mere turning of a peg!"—[Query: Could the allusion to the machinery of a steam-locomotive engine well be more explicit, under the circumstances?—]—the party seated on the machine could *transport himself to any spot, and in any direction he wished*. It were not difficult to adduce a variety of similar conjectures in point; but the digression might appear somewhat of the widest, from the "little glass-slipper" of a fairy tale to a dissertation on the lost arts of antiquity. G. M.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

(From the French of Regnault.)

A BOARDING school may truly be termed an asylum open to the weakness of parents, whose fondness dreads the fancied over-severe discipline of college—to children spoiled from their cradle, by injudicious maternal indulgence—and to weak intellects, that good discipline has failed to illumine. It may be looked upon as an hospital for the moral and intellectual infirmities of a whole family. To the injudicious parent, the schoolmaster must, perforce, be a quack. His advice is asked, but at the same time an opinion is imposed upon him;—he is desired to tell the truth—but he must utter a falsehood to avoid giving offence. Deceit is part of his profession, and he must practise it or starve. Hence the very failings that promote the success of boarding schools encourage the vices by which those establishments are disgraced.

Education is of such importance that it is lamentable to see, as it were, the future destiny of generations abandoned like a toy to the caprice of a weak woman. A child is to her a mere puppet to dress and undress, and shew off for the gratification of her vanity. When she entrusts her son to the care of a schoolmaster, restrictions are imposed upon him, and thus confine him in such narrow limits that he is left without authority, and his influence is lost at the very outset. There are fathers, too, who, in this respect, are as bad as the wife. "I am the best judge what education will befit my son," says he. Now this is disputable; for a father seldom or ever possesses the qualifications of a judge.

Before the schoolmaster can secure a new pupil, he must submit to numerous senseless commentaries and impertinent dissertations. A gentleman, on coming with his son, expostulates upon the inconsistency of universities in enforcing the use of Latin and Greek. The schoolmaster takes care not to contradict him; for one of the golden rules of his profession is never to be unreasonably clever. The father says—
"Above all, sir, no bigotry; none of those

narrow-minded precepts that cramp a child's understanding. The natural sciences, sir—the natural sciences form the basis of a good education. No sooner has the schoolmaster bowed the man to the door, than a pious mother enters, who has recourse to him because the colleges are dens of irreligion. The schoolmaster is now obliged to assume as much devotion as, a few minutes before, he displayed indifference, and readily finds some pious words, quotes a text or two from the New Testament, deplores the corruption of the age, and—secures a pupil.

Thus he passes his life. Dragged in contrary directions, assaulted by the most opposite ideas; acquiescing in all, but determined to foster none; he combats no prejudice, submits to all sorts of vanities, and encourages every weakness. Do not accuse him of hypocrisy; he only fulfils the conditions of his existence, and obeys the laws of his being. Such is the line of conduct marked out for him, and he cannot swerve from it. Talk of truth to him, indeed! Why, truth would be the ruin of him! The more numerous the pupils, the more concessions he has to make—the more caprices to soothe—the more prejudices to flatter; while his moral turpitude is proportioned to his income, and his income increases in inverted ratio to his probity.

Fettered on all sides by so many conflicting injunctions from parents, it is impossible for the schoolmaster to pursue a methodical system of tuition or discipline. Boarding schools are preferred on account of their regulations—for every parent has a regulation of his own. Some pupils go home every week, others every fortnight. This one leaves on Saturday, that one on Sunday. One boy is instructed in Greek and Latin, another in Latin without Greek: one studies the living languages, the studies of another are confined to the natural sciences: one follows Jacotot's system, another Robertson's, and the third, according to the father's express wish, no system at all. Anarchy is imposed on the schoolmaster and the children;—anarchy in his studies, anarchy in discipline, anarchy in morals. Those conscientious schoolmasters who attempt to resist this abominable system, expose themselves to increasing toil and struggle. Many do so, but few indeed succeed; the greater number accept the yoke and make the best of it. No one, however, has turned his ever-ready compliance with parental injunctions to better account than the worthy M. Moisson. This dignitary is about fifty years of age, short and stout, yet active and smart—lively and loquacious, in spite of his pretensions to dignity. By his side, in all the beatitude of a well-assorted union, is Madame Moisson, the

faithful keeper of the keys of the cellar—the vigilant she-dragon who guards the pantry and larder from the depredations of servants and pupils. It is she who waters the wine—she who distributes rations of bread—she who cuts up the meat into slices, never forgetful of the geometrical definition of *surface*—"Length and breadth, without thickness."

As far as the instruction of the pupils is concerned, that gives M. Moisson very little anxiety; but he is assiduous in the distribution of prizes, which dupes a surprising number in the eighty-six departments in France. From the student in natural philosophy down to the child in his accidence, every scholar has his share in the awarded prizes. This charlatanism is so glaring, that it seems astonishing how, year after year, the same thing is repeated, with periodical obstinacy, in presence of the parents, without opening their eyes. But no, this is no wonder; nor does the schoolmaster deserve censure. Again we have to plead for him;—fatal necessity! The schoolmaster knows that fathers and mothers deem him responsible for the success of their sons, therefore he must award a prize for abilities to each and all. There is no parent who sees any partiality in his son's triumph. He may complain of the multiplicity of the prizes, but he will firmly believe that his son unquestionably deserved his. M. Moisson knows all this, and carefully avoids losing a pupil by an unseasonable regard for truth. Abstract principles are unprofitable things, and the schoolmaster foregoes them for action; foibles he may condemn, but he flatters them for the sake of the rich harvest he reaps by his sophistry.

The ceremony attendant on the distribution of prizes is conducted with a solemn pomp that adds to the maternal illusions. Festoons of ivy decorate the walls. A carpet is thrown over a clumsy temporary dais, raised three or four steps from the floor, on which stands a long table, heaped with books and laurel crowns. In the centre are three arm chairs, covered with cotton-velvet; one is for the mentor, who is to distribute the prizes; the other two for the parish priest and the mayor of the *arrondissement*. M. Moisson's policy is always to be on good terms with the authorities, spiritual and temporal. Accompanied by the priest and mayor—supported, as it were, by church and state—M. Moisson gravely makes his entrance, with a stately step, his countenance beaming with happiness, and his looks radiant. He deliberately ascends the dais, obsequiously offers an arm-chair to each of his august guests, and takes his stand in a meditative attitude. He brings forward his leg, throws out his breast, and prepares to speak.

"Young pupils (here he pauses), the sun has at last risen on the auspicious day fixed for the close of your labours and their reward (another solemn pause). How delightful is the task of proclaiming the names of those glorious young laureates who have profited by my instructions. Affecting triumphs! pacific struggles! in which the competitors are brothers, and conquerors and conquered are united by the ties of mutual friendship."—(A third pause ensues.)

We will not follow Mr. Moisson through all the labyrinth of his rhetoric; suffice it to say, that if his speech is not a production of rare excellence, it is at least a masterpiece of speculation. Every tender hint likely to touch the sensibility of a mother, every apostrophe calculated to flatter paternal vanity, he, one by one, skilfully employs, and winds up with these words:—

"Come, then, young champions of science, and receive the reward of your intelligent labours."

A shout of deafening applause bursts from every part of the room. The mothers of the pupils wave their handkerchiefs, and the noise only ceases to be renewed again as each name is called, until all have been proclaimed and all applauded; when M. Moisson modestly steals away from the eager compliments of his voluntary dupes, whom he leaves enraptured with the merits of a boarding-school in which every scholar is "head boy."

M. Moisson has long since reaped the fruit of his patient deceptions. Proprietor of more than one estate, he has already the qualifications of an elector or a deputy. When he gives up school-keeping, he intends contesting his department, and so, when too old to preside over his school, he will preside over the destinies of his country.

ALPHA.

The Magazines.

AINSWORTH'S.

WE hail with pleasure this highly-popular monthly. The talent which it displays in the agreeably diversified articles, the gems of poetry which intersperse its pages, and the beautiful illustrations, which bear the stamp of the piquant irony and wit of the far-famed George Cruikshank, render it the favourite periodical companion of all lovers of light literature. The number now before us is not inferior to the last; on the contrary, this magazine seems, with every month, to increase in mind, and strength, and soul. Mr. Ainsworth, unrivalled in England for his powerful and vivid descriptions,—whether it be a fight, a fire, or a race, and equalled only in France by

Eugene Sue, who is now stirring up the emotions of the Parisians with his "Mysterries of Paris,"—is progressing with the "Miser's Daughter," and continues to excite the interest of his readers. The opening chapter in this number gives an excellent account of the effects of a fray—wrangling with watchmen, charges and countercharges, bribery of the policemen, the innocent locked up and the guilty freed. Randolph, Trussell, and Jacob, are taken to the station-house, notwithstanding the interference of Kitty Conway, opposite whose house the fight takes place. The good-hearted Jacob in this dilemma thinks not of himself, but exclaims—

"What'll my young missis think of it—what'll become of my poor master! If anything happens to him, I shall never forgive myself. If somebody would take a message to Miss Scarve it would make me more easy."

Kitty readily consents to do so, at which Jacob exclaimed—

"You! No, that will never do." But before he could get out the latter part of his speech, Kitty had retired, and he was hurried on by his captors.

Kitty keeps her word, and as she approaches the miser's door she meets Peter Pokerich, the little barber, who complains to her of the inconstancy of his fair Thomasine, and relates the plot of Sir Singleton to carry her off. Kitty, pitying the disconsolate barber, enters into a scheme, causes him to feign love for her, and makes him invite her, within hearing of Thomasine, to partake of a supper which was expressly got up for the latter. On entering the barber's, the door is purposely left open, and Thomasine, stung with jealousy, steals in, imagining that she is unperceived. The trick succeeds. While the barber is professing his love for Kitty, Thomasine rushes from her hiding-place, boxes his ears, an explanation takes place, and the *tours* on both sides are summed up by a reconciliation, and a determination on the part of Kitty to cheat Sir Singleton, who has made an appointment to meet Thomasine, for the purpose of taking her to the Fleet to get married. Kitty borrows the columbine dress of Thomasine, disguises herself, is conducted to the Fleet, and at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony the barber and the fair Thomasine make their appearance, to the astonishment of Sir Singleton, who cries—

"Who the deuce have I married?"

"You shall see," replied the bride, taking off her mask, for the wearing of which she had previously pleaded a sufficient excuse, that of saving her blushes.

"Well, I am nicely tricked!" exclaimed the old bean. "Egad!" he added, gazing at the bride, who looked charming, "I don't

know but what I have the best of the bargain after all. Kitty is decidedly the smarter and the prettier of the two." With that he gives her his hand, orders his carriage, the happy couple enter, and he expresses his wish to be driven to Pall Mall, leaving the barber and his fair charmer to get home, or married, as it might best suit them.

The eighth chapter begins with the adventures of Philip Frewin after his escape from the policeman. He makes all haste to the Ox Yard, enters the Crown Inn, pushes by the waiter, and makes his way to a room, where he finds Diggs, the attorney, who, on seeing him, says—

"Why, you appear to have come off the worst in this encounter."

Philip exclaims that Randolph is a more desperate fellow than he imagined, but swears that he will be revenged on him for robbing him of two mistresses and a fortune. Diggs tells him that he has enough to do without thinking of revenge; that the greatest triumph he can have over him will be to get as much as possible from his uncle Scarve, and thereby reduce Hilda's fortune, for she is sure to marry Randolph as soon as the old man dies, and to all appearances his days are numbered. After a little wrangling about money matters, and after Diggs explains that on account of the usurious means resorted to by a Jew named Isaacs with Randolph's father, the claims on the Crew estates cannot be substantiated, he tells him that his only hope is in persuading his uncle to make him his heir, and advises him to visit the miser that night. Philip consents; he retires to an inner room, washes the stains of blood from his face, mends his broken pate with a patch, and covers all with an old scratch wig. He then puts on the tattered garb he was accustomed to wear when visiting his uncle, and returning to Diggs, they both quitted the inn, and proceeded to the Little Sanctuary. Mrs. Clinton and Hilda are surprised at seeing them, and try to persuade them to postpone their visit till to-morrow; but Diggs says their business is of such importance that it is impossible. The miser is seated at the fire when they enter. He inquiringly looks at the lawyer, then at Philip. A little conversation ensues, in which Diggs convinces the miser that the best way of making Hilda marry his nephew is to leave all his property to him should she refuse. The will is drawn out, and the miser is about to sign it, when Hilda suddenly appears, and expostulates with her father, but to no purpose. He signs the will. Hilda bursts into a flood of tears, while Diggs and Philip leave the house, congratulating each other on the success of their infamous scheme.

The ninth chapter introduces Mr. Cripps, the valet, who is taxed by his fair *amoureuse* of fifteen thousand pounds with cooling in

his ardour towards her. Luckily, while in this dilemma, the duel occurs between Randolph and his master; and the wound which the latter receives furnishes him with a pretext for absenting himself until he has matured his plans. Antoine, the French valet, who is bribed, is sent to inform Mrs. Nettleship of her lover's disaster, when an amusing conversation takes place. After the valet has taken his leave, Mr. Rathbone informs the widow of her real position—that instead of her husband being the wealthy man he was supposed, he died greatly in debt. A plan is concerted by Rathbone that she is to give over all her property to her intended, and make him settle five thousand pounds upon her, three of which he (Rathbone) is to receive for her breaking the marriage contract with him. After a little hesitation, thoughts of deception, and qualms of conscience, she consents. At the expiration of a fortnight Cripps presents himself, and a little lively *parlance* ensues. Diggs, the attorney, is sent for; the settlement and bond are prepared. Cripps, never till then thinking that he is about committing a forgery, gazes at the deeds; then hastily snatching a pen, signs them in his master's name.

The tenth and last chapter of this number introduces Cripps and his uncle. The former states that he is about to be married to a lady worth fifteen thousand pounds, and persuades his uncle to lend him twenty pounds, for which he returns a thousand thanks, with a promise to pay him after the marriage. Thomasine, Peter Pokerich, and others, are invited to the wedding, which is to take place at his master's, as Mr. Villiers is at Newmarket. All things are arranged, and Dr. Gaynam is opening his book, when a noise is heard on the stairs, and Mr. Cripps, turning to see what is the matter, beholds the door open and his master enter. The scene described is truly laughable. The assurance of the valet, the rage of Mrs. Nettleship, the looks of Rathbone, the bewilderment of the guests, and, above all, the manner with which Cripps obeys his master in taking off his coat, his waistcoat, cravat, and diamond buckles, are pictured to the life, and have that wit and humour about them which would do credit even to a Smollett. The illustrations by Cruikshank are only to be viewed to be appreciated. "Windsor Castle" is continued with much spirit, and evinces great graphic description. From its historical associations, it is certain to become a favourite with the public. The illustration by Tony Johannot which accompanies it is admirable and effective, and the woodcuts by A. Delamotte reflect great credit upon him as an artist. Among the contributors are Captain Medwin, Nimrod, Francis Ainsworth, Laman Blanchard, and others. We transfer the contribution of

R. B. Peake to our columns, confident of satisfaction on the part of our readers.

Story-Tellers and Street Music.

"La philosophie triomphe aisément des maux passés et des maux à venir, mais les maux presents triomphent d'elle."—ROCHEFOUCAULT.

"My friend Wrigglesworth is a confabulatory ornament he is as essential to an evening party as the wine, and (I mean no invidious comparison) the cake. Last Christmas, he came to town, and his propensity for elongating a 'yarn' was in unusual force. It was one of those events which, from their rarity, may be classed with the appearance of comets, the blooming of aloes, or an honest Jew—*videlicet*, the termination of a chancery suit, that drew him from his retirement in Cheshire, to this 'workshop of the world,' London. About a dozen of us were assembled at his rooms, prepared to listen to one of his best stories. The creature comforts were not wanting; and five minutes' reflection kindled a poetic fire: the kettle of inspiration was bubbling o'er, and scarcely had he poured a sublime idea into a second glass, after informing us that his story was entitled 'Rival Noses,' he assumed an air of considerable importance, as he observed—'I have often wondered, gentlemen, how Madame de Staël could deliberately make up her mind to declare, '*Voyager c'est un triste plaisir*': for, to me, on the contrary, and I believe to most reasonable people, *travelling* is productive of exquisite delight, and is certainly more in harmony with the laws of nature than *sitting still*, while the Globe, of which we are a part, is in rapid revolution.' Apropos of *revolution*, at this very moment, as ill luck would have it, an instrument which, to use the words of Shakspeare, sounds like 'a brazen candlestick 'gainst a wheel,' assailed his sensitive ears. He rushed to the window, and, to his mortification, beheld one of those banes of London tranquillity, an Italian organ-grinder.

"These ingenious foreigners, not contented with monopolizing the grinding business of all London and its vicinities, have also had their barrels so arranged, as to suit the taste of the British public, (benevolent feeling!) no sprightly foreign waltz, quadrille, or march, being included—but 'the 104th Psalm,' 'the College Hornpipe,' and an interminable Scotch reel, with flats *ad libitum*, are played *ad nauseam*.

"If an instance were wanted to prove that there is an utter want of taste for music in the lower orders of this country, the above selection must effect it.

"Dominico is playing to half a dozen squalid-looking children, progeny to a publican, to whose house (the sign of the Goat and Compasses) you are opposite, and a

young gentleman, whose usual occupation is that of opening oysters, and who imagines the shells to be an excellent substitute for castanets, begins to dance the 'College Hornpipe,' sounding one of those expressive lines—

'With my right arm so, and around I go.'

There was a pause. 'Jenny Jones,' 'Rory O'More,' and the accursed hornpipe, are silent. A shilling from Wigglesworth has done the business, and outbidden the fat landlady of the Goat and Compasses.

"My friend Wigglesworth pulled down the blind, and, assuming a pensive attitude, hand on forehead, returned to his arm-chair again. He looked as though in the Vale of Tempe! The yellow sun setting behind Olympus, and tinting with burnished gold the laurel-banked Peneus!

"He then resumed: 'In the autumn of last year I made a flying tour through Germany—that is, I got as rapidly over the ground *en chaise de poste* as four wheels and sixteen legs could carry me, and, on the afternoon of a day more than commonly clear and beautiful, I arrived at Wildbad just as the sun was beginning to decline over the Schwarzwald mountains. Thoughts of good cheer, made the more desirable by reason of a two-fold appetite, occupied me while rattling along the suburbs, but, on turning into the street near the *König Platz*, my senses were completely dazzled by as matchless a piece of humanity as ever bore the name of 'woman.'

"She partly rested on the stone balcony of an antique mansion—was about nineteen years of age, almost tall, finely rounded, with dark auburn hair, shadowing features deliciously chiselled, and glowing with love and happiness. Within the room stood, with his arms folded, and in military costume, a young man of noble bearing, whose eyes were directed towards her, and to whom she occasionally addressed herself.

"My head was thrust out of the carriage-window, and I gazed entranced upon that divine object, until the envious turning of another corner shut her abruptly from my sight.

"I had fortunately two or three more streets to be jogged over, which served to modify my admiration, and to remind me that I had not broken my fast since the morning; and therefore, on arriving at 'mine inn,' my first and, of course, most rational demand, was for the bill of fare. To cut this matter short, I feasted somewhat voraciously, nor did I forget the landlord's *Ausbruch Tokay*, or the landlord himself, who favoured me with his company at my particular request. He was a jovial, pleasant fellow, and as good as an Arab at story-telling.

"The lady of whom you enquire, said

he—Wigglesworth had proceeded so far, when lo! the blast of a trombone, which outswelled puffed Aquilon, and formed part of a brass band, once more aroused him from his poetic dream. 'Gracious powers!' exclaimed Wigglesworth, 'why will you thus persecute one whose only crime is devotion to the Muses? Why, Orpheus, art thou unfriendly? They say thy lute was strung with poets' sinews—will not those suffice, but thou must needs turn their brains? From whence can these execrable musicians spring? Ah! that shake, out of all tune and time, on the Kent bugle—where was that shake acquired? Why on board a Greenwich steamboat, and no great shakes neither!' Tranquillity once more—story resumed.

"The lady of whom you enquire, said the landlord, 'is the wife of a colonel in the army of Prussia, named Eckerlin, and is considered the most beautiful woman of which that country can boast; but her husband well deserves such a prize, for it was by no common stratagem that he obtained her.'

"Indeed! said I, 'How?'

"By a Nose!' replied mine host, 'as you shall presently learn.'

"A brief interruption at this point from one of the tribe whose badge is that kind of sufferance inflicted by a huge bag, and whose cry of 'Old Clo!' is so exquisitely nasal, is all we have to record. Petticoat Lane out of hearing, our story went on.

"The lady's maiden name' (observed mine host) 'was Julie Ancelot; her father was a stock-broker in Berlin, and one of the millionaires. He loved his daughter passionately, but was determined to have his own way in choosing a husband for her. Now, among other crotchets, he was an enthusiastic admirer of large noses, provided they had a Roman contour, though he freely admitted he had never beheld one of that ultra-prominency which entirely satisfied him. Just at this period, he received a letter from an old schoolfellow, settled in Silesia, who, as an army contractor, had become immensely rich. His name was Herr Schrattenbak, and being desirous of seeing his son settled in life, proposed him as a husband for the Fraulein Julie. There was, however, he frankly observed, one circumstance which might be deemed an objection: between his son's forehead and chin, there was 'a protuberance far beyond the Roman, or, indeed, any other standard!' The effect of this communication on Herr Necker Ancelot may be imagined: he, with all the precision of a man of business, wrote, by return of post, to say that if Herr Schrattenbak, Junior, arrived on a day specified, exactly at twelve o'clock——' They are at it again. 'Rule Britannia' in two different keys! Who arranged the bass of that

curled trombone? They must all four be drunk; they have been boxing, and now have come to box the (Goat and) Compasses.

"This is past endurance. In a frenzied state, our friend Wigglesworth dashes open the window, in the hope of calling a policeman; but, ah! vain, delusive hope!—a policeman when required! When you don't want him, there he is! The brass band still in full play, tearing the galopade in Gustavus to atoms. Rabid with rage, he shuts down the window, and rails against Government, thinking it a shame, (and so it is, after paying one and fourpence in the pound county and police rates, and in advance, too.) Silence! Wigglesworth takes up the thread:—'Exactly at twelve o'clock, A.M., he should become the husband of Julie, with a portion, in ready money, of 200,000 florins. In the meantime, also, as a matter of business, Herr Neckar informed his daughter, that he had found her a husband (describing him) exactly suited to his mind, and that, by a certain day, she must prepare to receive him. Julie knew her father too well to complain or remonstrate; she relied rather on the expedient of love, and having sought her dear Ecklerin, communicated all to him. On the morning fixed for the marriage, Julie put the clock forward a quarter of an hour, and at the moment of its striking twelve, a light post-chariot drove up, from which descended a personage in a travelling cloak, with the nose of the size and shape of a fish-knife. Herr Neckar welcomed him with much *bienveillance*, looked first pleased, then greatly astonished, at the size of his nose, paid his daughter's portion of 200,000 florins in bank bills, poured out a bumper of *Rudesheim-berg* all round, told him he'd no time to lose, saw him and Julie safely packed up in the carriage with two of her female friends, beheld it start at a gallop for the *Hôtel de Ville* (where the marriage ceremony is first performed), and was supremely happy. 'Ah!' said he, chuckling and walking to and fro, 'this is doing the business. Tremendous nose that—rather too large. In the midst of this self-gratulation, there drove up to the door a lumbering antique chariot, from which, to the unspeakable astonishment of Herr Neckar, descended a personage with a nose nearly twice the size of that of the first comer! He entered, and presented a letter of introduction, which announced HIM as Herr Schrattenbak, Junior!

"The stock-broker was bewildered; but before any explanation—"

"Our story-teller was again interrupted!

"Every Londoner is acquainted with the hebdomadal visit of a peripatetic orchestra of Scotchmen, with two old cracked violoncellos, which, when scientifically rasped, sound like the convulsions of an expiring

bull. A clarionet, which discontinues, that the player may take breath; a flute, very unlike that of Templeton in the *Flauto Magico* (by the way, some wag christened the worthy Caledonian, Templeton, in that opera, 'Lord Fife'), and although it is inhuman to jest upon misfortunes, these Scotch minstrels all *blindly* follow their profession, and each other; and from the nature of their music, any one can be fully convinced that they had never yet played at sight. We must suppose they have fiddled themselves blind, and it has had a melancholy effect on their pupils!

"Sad, sad nuisance is this perambulating band, twisting heartfelt Scotch airs into unbearable scrapings, moanings, and groanings; murdering *The Campbells are coming*; cutting up *Moggie Lauder*; spifficating *John Anderson my Jo*; and finally, by their performance, proving that *There's nae luck about the House*, till they have taken themselves out of hearing, as well as out of sight. They should be humanely provided for by the Government, and the best thing would be—'What?' Why, to send them to SEE!

"We were now 'a' noddin,' and our friend having a splitting headache, and the best cephalic remedy being bed, we all adjourned 'till to-morrow.' But no, there is no peace for the wretched; where care lodges, sleep will never bide. The Scotchmen were gone, so were we;—what then? why, worse and worse. A convivial meeting of Irishmen was on the point of assembling at the Goat and Compasses, 'THE HARMONISTS'; and the voice of the *profanum vulgus* rattled through Wigglesworth's ears. At the termination of every song, the applause is bestowed by knocking the tables with their fists and the pewter pots, which, from the violence, causes the iron spoons to vibrate against the glasses. The church clock hath tolled one, and symptoms of closing the house at last; but the shutters being on the sliding principle, have, in consequence of the wet weather, become so stiff, that it requires considerable force to close them. This is done, after undergoing the torture of hearing a noise similar to that of a pig with his throat cut. 'Things without remedy should be without regard'; but 'who can hold a fire in his hand by thinking on the frosty Caucasus?' The public-house is closed, but there has been an altercation in the course of the evening between two of the songsters, an Irishman and a Jew fishmonger, as to which is the best singer, Tom Cooke or Braham; and they have formed a determination of having it out—have engaged their respective friends to second them. Oaths, blows, kicks, and curses, intermingle with the howl of the Irishman, and the slang of the Hebrew fishmonger.

"Our friend jumps out of bed, throws open the window, tells them with a stentorian voice, that there is an invalid in the house, and entreats them to disperse, but in vain; and after hearing the police rattles, and the windows smashed, again retires to his couch.

"And are we going to civilize the New Zealanders? Would they believe, should we tell them, that the most enlightened people in the world could not rest at night, from the noises in the streets? Hark! can it be possible? the wretches have ceased, and have entered themselves at the bar, in order to whet their whistles.

"The air at length a solemn stillness holds."

"Harpocrates, be propitious! * * *

"Next day, a capital dinner at Wigglesworth's; an incomparable turkey, with his necklace of sausages, the fat and juicy beef, the venerable pudding, freckled with plums, and the gay sprig of holly stuck in the white sugar powder on its pate—claret, burgundy, punch, &c., *ad lib*.

"The eatables removed, our friend looked Milton's lines to overflowing:—

"I thence

Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous story,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Æonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme!"

"Gentlemen," he said, "I resume:—The stock-broker was bewildered, but before any explanation could be given, the post-chariot, with the bride, the bridesmaids, and *Nose the first* drove up. The rival noses were immediately confronted. Herr Necker gazed first upon one, and then upon the other with unfeigned perplexity—he was motionless, speechless. At length *Nose the first* broke the silence as follows!—"If there be deception here, I am guilty of it; but, nevertheless, I feel confident of pardon, since it is sanctified by love! Julie is now the wife of a colonel in the Prussian army—my name is Eckerlin; my nose is not what it appears." As the India-rubber appendage was lifted off, Herr Necker recovered himself. "This is a fraud," said he, sternly; "and according to our laws the marriage is null." "Not exactly," said Colonel Eckerlin; "for I have obtained our good King Frederick William's permission and authority to espouse the Fraulein Julie Ancelot—here it is." Herr Schratzenbak, jun., looked first at the India-rubber nose, then at Colonel Eckerlin, then at Julie, then at Herr Necker, then at himself in the chimney-glass, and then observed—"I am glad of all this, for to tell you the truth, I have a secret penchant for a lady in Silesia, who admires my physiognomy much more, I fancy, than the Fraulein Julie; in fact, the lady I allude to thinks me a handsome likeness of the Emperor Trajan." "If you

are satisfied, I am sure I am; for I must own that I was somewhat alarmed at the size of *Nose the first*, but yours (no offence) would frighten a regiment! Come, let us all be friends, and sit down to a *dejeuner* in the pavilion." I need not add (observed mine host,) that the RIVAL NOSES, strange as it may sound, shook hands in a spirit of the most perfect amity; and I am sure you will agree with me, that Colonel Eckerlin (who is now spending his honeymoon here) is worthy of his Julie!

"A RAP! at the street-door. 'The scavengers for your annual bounty which you are usually so kind to give.' RAP! 'The dustman for a Christmas-box.' The man who carries the medal, has a handy leg, whose name is Thomas Large. RAP! The beadle, (a poet, that makes more money by his verses than any other.) RAP! The turncock—great patron of temperance societies. RAP! The postman. RAP! RAP! RAP! RAP! The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and pots from the Goat and Compasses! All for Christmas boxes!

"Doubtless, Mr. Wigglesworth's story would have been very entertaining, if it had not been for the interruptions."

BLACKWOOD.

THIS magazine is of an interesting character this month; the poems and ballads of Schiller are continued, as are also "Ricardo made Easy," "Sketches of Italy," "Recollections of a Ramble through the Basque Provinces," Caleb Stukely," and the "History of France." The latter article, beginning with a brief sketch of Charlemagne and of his reign, is spiritedly written.

"Charlemagne, who, in the space of one lifetime raised an empire as vast as the Romans in six or seven centuries had conquered, and who civilized barbarians only by the aid of barbarians,—Charlemagne, claimed by the church as a saint, by the Germans as their fellow-countryman, by the Italians as their emperor, will be found to stand at the very head and source of modern history.

"Everything appears to date from him. To him the church traces her wealth; in him letters find their earliest patron, and the new order of society its first legislator. In some such strain as this, Sismondi opens the history of the German emperor of the western world. But as we turn over the pages of the historian, lo! this vast empire perishes almost with the life of its founder; its territory is dismembered; its institutions fall; the coming dawn recedes; and, instead of the light of civilization, it is the darkness of feudal barbarism that thickens upon us. Many have been the lamentations uttered over the short-lived splendours of

the reign of Charlemagne. This cry of lamentation has been one of the common-places of history. Now, there is one point of view in which we wish to place the reign and conquests of this famous emperor, which may somewhat pacify these rhetorical regrets. M. Guizot shall be here our guide. Is it true, we ask, that a reign so magnificent, so full of vigour and of power, had no beneficial, no permanent result? Was Charlemagne one of those children of glory who appear but to astonish, and who, after all their enterprises, are but a dreadful scourge to their enemies, and to their own countrymen an unprofitable boast. Of him who revived the western empire shall we say this only—that he took the faded purple and dyed it again in blood? From all his conquests, all his great designs, did nothing follow? Hardly so; and yet it is that part of his history which pleases the reader least, that we shall find the most valuable results of his power. Every one remembers those terrible wars with the Saxons, those burnings and slaughters, followed by those comprehensive baptisms, in one of which 30,000 converts were at once received into the Christian church. Those wars with the Saxons—those, also, with the Lombards—those, again, with the Arabs—those campaigns on the Elbe and the Pyrenees,—they were called for by a strong necessity of the times; and they left behind them a great and durable result. Charlemagne, after subjecting the still restless inhabitants of his own territory, found himself pressed by hostile nations on all his frontiers. On the north-east, along the Rhine and the Danube, he was threatened by fresh German tribes—Saxons, Slavonians, and others; on the south, by the Arabs, who had spread themselves over the opposite coasts of the Mediterranean. A twofold invasion hung over his realms, just emerging as they were from that barbarian deposit which had been so amply thrown upon them. Charlemagne rallied together all the inhabitants of his territory—Roman and German, Gaul and Frank, against these new assailants. His wars were essentially defensive. Nor were they the less defensive because they assumed an offensive form. As the republic of Rome had no means of permanently securing itself from invasion on the side of Gaul but by conquering and civilizing that country (the task which Cæsar undertook and accomplished), so Charlemagne had no hope of establishing peace on his own frontier but by subjecting and chastening the Saxons. The bishoprics he planted amongst them were his advanced posts of civilization; they were to him what the municipality had been to the Romans. He, in short, arrested—he rolled back the tide of invasion; in the north he repelled the Pagan; in the south the Mahometan. France was

not to be a highway for the Saxon on the one side, and the Arab on the other.

“Now, soon after the death of Charlemagne, his empire and his institutions disappeared; but did he accomplish nothing? did he found nothing? we give the answer in the words of M. Guizot: ‘Charlemagne, in fact, founded all those states that arose on the dismemberment of his empire. His conquests entered into smaller combinations; but to him they owed the permanence of the new forms they assumed. That restless, fluctuating population, careless of all boundaries, wandering, pillaging, conquering, which had for a long time overrun the greatest part of Europe, was made stationary. His was the trident that smote the moving mass and fixed it. After the time of Charlemagne, boundaries become defined; frontiers grow visible; states and politics claim a distinct and durable place upon the map of Europe. This, then, was the great task that Charlemagne performed; he procured for the many nations he governed the first requisite of national existence—the secure possession of a recognised territory. But it was beyond his power to unite this multitude of various races under one permanent government; and we see them breaking off into divisions which were regulated very much according to the several stocks from which the people had originally sprung.’”

THE NEW MONTHLY

Is varied in its articles, and is passable for interest and novelty. “A West-end Boarding-school” is cleverly rewritten. We may also say the same of the “Recollections of a Royalist.” All in all, this magazine supports its name, and its readers will find the wherewith in this number to amuse themselves.

Miscellaneous.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE EUCHARIST, BY ALFRIC, SEVENTH ABBOT OF SAINT ALBANS, A.D. 950, AS DISSEMINATED AT THE REFORMATION.

ALFRIC had been bred up in the schools of Ethelwold, the Bishop of Winchester, the same who, in conjunction with Dunstan, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Oswald, Bishop of Worcester, expelled from all the cathedrals the married priests, and encouraged monks to supply their places. Alfric was Abbot, also, of Malmesbury, in King Edgar's time; and what is remarkable is this, that in his epistles, and in one of his sermons for Easter-day, his doctrine concerning the eucharist is wholly such as the reformers took up in the church of England

under Elizabeth and Edward—that is, against the bodily presence and transubstantiation, and perfectly the same as Berengarius taught in the time of William the Conqueror, and Pope Gregory VII., called Hildebrand; making the sacraments a memorial only, and to be taken spiritually and typically. “Certainly,” he says, “this housel (host) which we do now hallow at God’s altar is a remembrance of Christ’s body, which he offered to us, and of his blood, which he shed for us. And in his epistle to Wulfstan, Bishop of Shirburn, are these words, as may be seen in the original, still preserved in Exeter Cathedral—“and yet that living bread is not so bodily, not the selfsame body that Christ suffered in; nor is the holy wine the Saviour’s blood, which was shed for us in bodily reality, but in ghostly understanding.” In the Latin copy of this epistle at Worcester, sent to Oswald the bishop, these words are erased.

Alfrie translated also the Bible, or many books of it, as may be learned from his tracts, which were printed by that great lover of antiquity, William L’ Isle, Esq., of Wilburgham, in 1623. And some books of the said Bible translation were printed by Dr. Hickes, at Oxford, in 1698.—*Newcome’s History of the Abbey of St. Albans.*

RUSSIAN RECRUITS.

THE recruits are, generally speaking, marched off to their regiments in chains; and to disable themselves for service, they have been known to practise self-mutilation, by chopping off a finger. We met, on our way from Odessa to Moscow, a long line of these wretched victims of a pure despotism. As they were chained and guarded by Cossacks, we took them for convicts, but, on inquiring, they proved to be recruits. Lyall, who was some years resident in Russia, says that those he saw “were absorbed in grief, and sat like statues, or lay extended like corpses;” and adds of others, that those who heard “their wild shrieks and lamentations would imagine that they were engaged in a funeral procession;” nor would they be much mistaken, for the peasants who thus take leave of their wives and families consider it a civil death, if not a military one.

The scenes to which the conscription gives rise are often of the most afflicting kind, and married men and the sons of widows are torn away from the families of which they were the chief prop and support.

Few furloughs are given; and as they can neither read nor write, their relations and friends seldom hear of them after they leave their home. Even if they support all the hardships and severity of their service, they

return to their village, after twenty-five years, scarcely recognisable by their friends; bowed down by disease and wholly incapable of gaining a livelihood, they drag out their miserable existence as best they can. The liberty they then receive, so far from being a boon, is a cruel farce; for their emancipation from slavery is granted to them only to relieve the crown, or their former proprietors, from the burden of their maintenance. “The dread which the Russian peasant has of the conscription is not surprising, when the severity of military service and discipline in this country is borne in mind; and when it is considered how completely every tie of family or affection is severed, every previous hope and prospect destroyed, for the victims of this iron system.” Such is the opinion of Mr. Venables, who had excellent opportunities of judging.—*Captain Jesse.*

PHENOMENA OF LIGHT.

THE phenomena of light and vision have always been held to constitute a most interesting branch of natural science, whether in regard to the beauty of light or its utility. The beauty is seen spread over a varied landscape, among the beds of the flower-gardens, on the spangled meads, in the plumage of birds, in the clouds around the rising and setting sun, in the circles of the rainbow; and the utility may be judged of by the reflection, that had man been compelled to supply his wants by groping in utter and unchangeable darkness, even if originally created with the knowledge now existing in the world, he could scarcely have secured his existence for one day. Indeed, the earth without light would have been an unfit abode even for grubs, generated and living always amidst their food. Eternal night would have been universal death. Light, then, while the beautiful garb of nature, clothing the garden and the meadow—glowing in the ruby—sparkling in the diamond, is also the absolutely necessary medium of communication between living creatures and the universe around them. The rising sun is what converts the wilderness of darkness which night covered, and which to the young mind not yet aware of the regularity of nature’s change is so full of horror, into a visible and lovely paradise. No wonder, then, if in early ages of the world man has often been seen bending the knee before the glorious luminary, and worshipping it as the god of nature. When a mariner perceives the dawn of day, or even the rising of the moon, the waves seem to him less lofty, the wind is only half as fierce; sweet hope beams on him with the light of heaven, and brings gladness to his heart. A man, wherever placed in light,

receives by the eye from every object around—from hill and tree, and even a single leaf—nay, from every point in every object, and at every moment of time, a messenger of light to tell him what is there, and in what condition. Were he omnipresent, or had he the power of flitting from place to place with the speed of the wind, he could scarcely be more promptly informed; and even in many cases where distance intervenes not, light can impart at once knowledge which by any other conceivable means could come only tediously, or not at all. For example: when the illuminated countenance is revealing the secret workings of the heart, the tongue would in vain try to speak even in long phrases what one smile of friendship or affection can in an instant convey; and had there been no light, man never could have been aware of the miniature worlds of life and activity which, even in a drop of water, the microscope discovers to him; nor could he have formed any idea of the admirable structure belonging to many minute objects. It is light again which gives the telegraph by which men converse from hill to hill, or across an extent of raging sea; and which, pouring upon the eye through the optic tube, brings intelligence of events passing in the remotest regions of space. The relation of the sun to light is most strikingly marked in the contrast between night and day, as the relation between combustion and light is seen in the brilliancy of an illuminated hall or theatre, as compared with the perfect darkness when the chandeliers are extinguished. In tropical countries, where the sun rises almost perpendicularly, and allows not the long day and twilight of temperate latitudes, the change from perfect darkness to the overpowering effulgence of day is so sudden as to be most impressive. An eye turned to the east has scarcely noticed a commencing brightness there, when that brightness has already become a glow, and if clouds be floating near to meet the upward rays, they appear as masses of golden fleeces suspended in the sky; a little after, the whole atmosphere is bright, and the stream of direct light bending round makes the lofty mountain tops shine like burnished pinnacles; then, as the stream reaches to still lower and lower levels, the inhabitants of these in succession see the radiant circle first rising above the horizon like a lip of flame, but soon displaying, as in the days of pagan worship, all its breadth and glory, too bright for the eye to dwell upon. With evening the same appearances recur in a reversed order, ending, as in the morning they began, in complete darkness.—*Arnold's Elements of Physics.*

The Gatherer.

A Striking Character.—I once saw a Russian captain strike one of his men a blow on the face with his fist, and, seizing him by both his ears, shake him until he pulled him out of the ranks; the man's cap then fell off, and the officer, ordering a corporal to pick it up, jammed it down on his head, with another blow. The whole system is carried on in the same tyrannical and overbearing manner. The Russian soldier meets with very little kindness or consideration to soften the misery of being imperatively driven into the service.—*Notes of a Half-Pay.*

A Sharp Remedy.—An Italian, who had a quarrel with another, fell so dangerously ill, that there remained no hopes of his recovery. His enemy, informed of this, calls at his residence, and asks to see him; he enters the sick man's room, exclaiming, "*Cospetto!* he shall not die otherwise than by my hand!" Having reached the side of the bed, he gives him a desperate stab with a poignard, and makes his escape. The invalid lost a great quantity of blood; but this loss proved salutary, for it was the means of his speedy restoration to life and health.

A National Characteristic.—At a late trial for murder in the French criminal courts, and in which a native of Corsica was implicated as the assassin, part of the evidence given by the examining surgeons, to whom the autopsy, or *post-mortem* inspection of the body of the murdered man had been delegated, went to prove that, "from the peculiar shape of the wound," (which had been inflicted with a knife,) "the death-blow must have been dealt from the hand of a Corsican, inasmuch as it was the characteristic and invariable habit of the people of that nation to turn the knife in the wound!" G. M.

Milton, the British Homer and prince of modern poets, in his latter days, and when he was blind, (a thing some men do with their eyes open,) married a shrew. The Duke of Buckingham one day, in Milton's hearing, called her a rose. "I am no judge of flowers," observed Milton; "but it may be so, for I feel the thorns daily!"

In St. John's Hall, one day during dinner, there happened to be a great paucity of waiters. A gentleman, impatient at the delay, at length exclaimed, "Confound it, we can't get a waiter." "The deuce we can't," said Mr. K., who sat opposite, "I think we are all waiters!"

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